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Amorosa

By Mai Zetterling

No, not from the land of cuckoo's!
From a nordic kingdom,
from the nobility!
We get rooms next to each other.
The child is safe with me.
Earth tumbles! The abyss
will open, and devour us all.
We will be thrown into space
and down the abyss! It's spinning!
I'm so afraid!
It's the abyss, I knew it!
Into the silencing darkness,
I will follow you there.
Alone in fragile vessel
the sailor on the wide sea.
The starry vault over him burns,
below him roars terrifyingly his grave.
Onward! So is his fate's order.
Where is the child?
Be with me, my love.
I'll handle it.
My dear friend Sprengel, if I don't
get the child, I'll go mad for real!
Give me the child, Sprengel.
My work is my child. That's why
I need to have it with me, doctor!
They speak a different language, my love.
My love! Bring the child!
You were a big shit, Sprengel!
You're not only betraying me with a
bunch of whores, you steel my child too!
My love!
Amore! Amore... amore!
This was the story of my life
and the revenge on my family.
You poor nobility!
Who no longer wants me.
Who has turned your faces
away from me...
I'm telling the truth.
I'm not lying.
You come rushing as if the popes
genitalia was on fire!
And I've been locked up half

the night like any other fool!
You use foul play, you bastards!
Who can defend oneself
against crudeness like yours?
Agnes...
What are you up to?
Agnes, don't touch the child!
Agnes, don't touch the child!
Agnes, don't touch the child!
What have I done?
What on earth have I done?
I've destroyed everything, Pa.
I've destroyed everything.
Forgive me, Pa. Forgive me...
Can Boo-boo forgive Pa for not
being able to protect our child.
No! No...!
Thank you, Master. Boo-boo was so stupid
that Master had to take her to the vet.
Forgive me.
Boo-boo wants to go home.
I have to go home...
Even if I had to
walk all the way.
One can never return.
Return to my childhood, to my
wonderful and ridiculous childhood.
My family,
I'll never escape you.
I hate those noble surnames ending
with stierna, with crona, with skjold!
In my body, they constantly turn
and fester into a terrible abscess!
And still, you want to go home?
Sometimes hating, sometimes loving
ones country and ones family.
Sourpuss, why will you never
play with us?
No, Adolf, I don't want
to play anymore. You square!
You're so pale. Breathe some fresh air
and give your poor mother a kiss.
Poor mother, it will be
a terrible day for you.

Edvard's parents-in-law will
cherish you in no time.
He is a factory owner, mummy!
A factory owner?!
He looks like a tanner!
Isn't he fishing after all?!
Hand me the fishing rod!
No, no way, mother!
Hand me the fishing rod!
Are you angry, mother?
Are you angry too?
The food is served.
May I escort you, Doll?
I might get engaged to you
one of these days.
I enjoy funerals almost
as much as weddings.
Cute as ever and immensely vulgar!
Please be seated, Countess!
May I call you Eva? My name is Felix.
What a wonderful engagement between
our beloved children! Eva, help yourself.
As expected, they cherish you already.
Poor, mummy!
This is only a small hors d'oeuvre
before the salmon and the chateaubriand.
Bon apptit, Countess!
My salmon...!
My beautiful salmon...!
How vulgar...!
Help yourself, Countess!
Agnes will bring discredit on the family again.
My sister is rather eccentric, you know.
She plays the trumpet, and she kicks
football better than I.
And she writes a diary and small verses
too. A real nuisance...
MAY THEY LIVE IN HAPPINESS!
I raise my glass to the newly engaged.
My beloved, Edvard!
Hell of a road to be sinuous!
You interest me. Nothing seems
to coincide in your personality.
Sometimes I seem like

a puzzle to myself.
It's not very feminine
for a woman to play the trumpet...
Would you like to take a look at my map?
We are traveling all the way to the end of...
She wants to become a writer.
I think all art is useless.
May I also take a look at that map?
Thank God!
Now it's only three hours left
to the next delectation! Thank you.
Gerhard!
Gerhard...!
Wait for me! I'm coming.
Gerhard Odenkrantz.
Come, let's go swimming.
My mother is always criticizing me.
I don't know what I'm doing wrong.
Can you speak to your mother?
One can never understand ones family...
Mom is untouched by life. She
believes everyone is good. I'm a sceptic.
I don't want to be stuck in a narrow circle
of acquaintances. I want to live differently!
I want to... write
after my own mind.
Mother, refuses to understand my desire.
To her, family is almost a sacred concept.
Did you play that game when you were
younger? How it feels to kiss a shoulder.
Ava... I'd love it if you
would become my best friend.
I long for someone I can
talk to, about real things.
Forgive me! I almost
proposed to you...!
That was odd. But, I'd like it
if you became my best friend.
Do you promise?
Thank you.
Did Gerhard kiss you?
How does it feel to get kissed by
a man? Do you think it feels different?
I'm reading a novel

about a woman who shivers when...
...a man kisses
her neck and...
...shoulders... and her chest.
If I close my eyes and imagine
that special someone,
could I ask you to kiss me,
the way a man would have done it?
You can never kiss me like that!
Did you enjoy it?
Yes, it was too enjoyable.
Once upon a time there was a woman...
...who entered the world
to look for love.
Is mother feeling alright?
She's calmer now.
Doctor Iller gave her an injection.
Poor father...
I'll note down the expenses... Your
notes will probably be more exciting.
I write about love.
Mother would like to talk with you
about that subject.
What does mother know about love?
What does Agnes know about love?
Be careful.
So you'll not end up like Aimee...
...who got sent to a mental institution
soon after her engagement.
It's in the family, Pa.
We are allergic to love. It makes us
sick. The women anyway.
How come, Pa?
How come we're afraid of love?
Why? Always "why?".
Can love make you sick, Pa?
Can it?
You're living in a fantasy.
If I didn't, would I have
the strength to live?
God, you two look
like a loving couple!
Dr. Iller, would you like to meet our daughter?
It was so long since we last saw you.

Agnes has grown up.

Whispers:

to sleep with Agnes.

You're not writing anything inappropriate,

I hope? We want you to make us proud.

Don't be worried. It will be

a cheerful little girl's book.

"Daughter of Colonel Ernst von
Krusenstjerna and his wife Eva"

"Daughters daughter to
Erik Gustaf Geijer... "

Maybe it was because of my nobility
that my book was accepted.

Our well-behaved little daughter...

An authoress...!

I'll go get Dr. Illers coat.

Poor young woman! She has
taken on a hard lap.

Love can't be forced.

It will come by itself.

But she didn't yet know.

Love...

...tenderness...

...infatuation...

...infatuation...

...eroticism...

...sensuality...

...sensuality.

Miss von Krusenstjerna managed
just fine with director Molander.

Congratulations.

It was thanks to Mr. Sprengel.

I'm said to have a sharp tongue...

I hope for a frank criticism when Mr.

Sprengel has finished reading my new book.

You're not afraid of my criticism,

Miss von Krusenstjerna?

I am, but I want it anyway. I admire
everything you have written immensely,

You may call me Agnes.

Being an author is to go to war.

It takes courage to have talent.

Do you have courage, Agnes?

Do Agnes also have courage to go
for a ride with me in the swan?
I thought it was forbidden
to use the props?
The forbidden is
the most alluring...
You must be mad!
You're mad!
Reasonable people adapt themselves to
the world and become boring.
Unreasonable people attempt to adapt
the world to themselves.
All progress depends on unreasonable
people, said Shaw. David Sprengel agrees.
Don't judge me by my outer shell. The best
fishing is at the greatest depth.
If you won't love me,
I'll drown myself.
The water is wet this year.
Haven't Agnes got a heart?
Agnes is cold and heartless. Even
the flies has hearts, but not Agnes.
There are strings in the human heart
that had better not be vibrated, said Dickens.
And Agnes agrees.
Loving, is life.
The rest is nothing.
I'm grown up now, father.
You must adapt to us.
I don't fit in here. We have
nothing to say to each other.
We hide our thoughts with talk!
It may be cruel, but I have
to tell the truth.
You don't know who I am, and you're
not interested in finding out.
If you knew what goes on inside me,
you would be horrified.
You are ill.
No, I'm fine!
It's you who are ill, mother! You're
just standing there half living, half dead!
Ask for forgiveness! We who were
hoping for you and Gerhard!

He probably loathes you.
Do I want Him?
I Can't get married now.
I need to write. Not girlish
journals, but real novels.
I need to find the truth within me.
About love, and eroticism.
I want to write about important things.
Wild and uninhibited, mother!
I need to experience the world alone,
and try myself, and the world.
Mother...!
Forgive me, mother...
I need to write...
...in order to sort out my life.
A MUSIC BOX IS PLAYING
Isn't it amusing?
Many thanks!
I'll show you how to handle it.
I'll manage by myself.
I have thought about you all this
time. Did you think about me?
Maybe you've met someone else
who was more intriguing?
Well, that's fine.
I think I fell in love.
But he was so different.
I don't know if I love him.
He frightens me a little.
He claims he loves me.
Solemn words...
At first you have to like a person,
isn't that right? What would Adolf say?
If we got engaged?
I don't know... if I want...
Is it your writing?
I have nothing against you writing
a little now and then, but...
First you'd like to have a family.
That responsibility comes first, right?
And I don't want people to say
"he who is married to the authoress".
I want you to be proud of me!
Not the other way around?

I don't like your tone.
Maybe you don't
like me... at all?
Agnes...
You know I like you.
We belong together somehow.
Adolf was my best friend. We belong
to the same circle of acquaintances.
What are you up to?
Agnes, what are you doing? Calm, calm...
I don't want to be kissed!
We have so much to discuss.
I want to finish my degree. Then
we'll get married, and move to Uppsala.
Don't go!
I won't.
I just want to plan our future.
The present is more important than the future.
Gerhard... Agnes...
You are about to kiss...
We just got engaged.
So, you got engaged...
...I'm... happy for you... of course..
...and I'd like to... congratulate.
But I'd wish that you'd told me
so I would have been better prepared.
You're supposed to be...
my best friend.
But Adolf, now we'll become
brother-in-laws too, and family.
You probably never cared about me.
You have only come here for Agnes.
Sure, I care about you.
You have never even given me a thought!
I'm sorry...
I never though I'd...
...see you and my sister
kiss each other...
Well, Agnes, you're rich now.
At least our family will be pleased.
Agnes, come here.
The three of us will stick together. Right?
There, there...
Fly? No!

Yesterday I found a spider in my soup.
Boys!
Put it under the chair!
This tragic turn of the year should
maybe have been celebrated calmer!
Knut, should give the boys
in the trenches a thought!
The war is fought
not far from our borders!
Don't worry,
Sweden will remain neutral.

Adolf:

You have to be sociable.
Now that you're engaged.
I've written a verse in your honor.
You're not the only poet in the family.
The good wife
in agony, sweat and toil.
Her beloved husband spoil!
Bravo!
How elegant!
The wife keeps quiet
while her husband discusses.
She is her husbands wife,
his property, his female other half.
Anyone who finds a good wife
find the way to happiness.
Next time, he'll offer her the ring, and
Agnes will never break free from us then.
So much pain, so many tears
in the circle of a ring.
Agnes...
Agnes, it's almost twelve o'clock.
We have to return to the others.
Our family wants to raise their glass
to the new year.
But this year has been so awful
Nothing but war and death.
Those things has nothing to do with us.
Come now, and try to cheer up.
Stay with me, and kiss me
and say that you love me.
Do you?

You know I do.
You never say it voluntarily.
The family means more to you than I.
But, you belong to the family.
Do you believe in God?
I believe in myself.
I'm getting tired of this.
Let's go.
Engaged people can spend
time alone, can't they?
Not when it's new years eve, as we are
celebrating with our parents. Let's go now.
You're afraid to be
alone with me.
Your eyes are so cold!
You're acting strange again.
Aren't I almost as cute
as Ava now?
Yes, you are very pretty.
don't you think, Gerhard?
Good night.
Good night, son.
You are hurting me, Ava!
What cold hands you have!
What sharp little nails!
Gerhard says he is very tired.
He wants to go to bed.
SOMEONE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR
Who is it?
Agnes.
Put your hands in the air.
A ship comes loaded with peppermints.
Beda will teach you how to make them.
Since it's Gerhards
favorite candy.
Here's a bag for you too,
sister Maja.
You can go now.
But promise you'll be back.
You're wondering what I'm doing here.
It has nothing to do with Gerhard.
I thought so.
Do you know what love is?
Love is the purpose of life!

I long for love!
I'm afraid of love.
You won't find love in this house.
I have met someone else.
He was so different
As from another world.
Do you know what love is?
The big love? It's a ghost
everyone speaks about.
But few has seen it. When one is in love
everything is so evident.
I'm filled with doubt.
You have the right to be.
Gerhard's eyes are so cold!
Don't repeat my mistake. Run
before it's too late.
It's already to late, Arvida.
The household course begins next week.
And the napkins need monograms...
I'd just trow them at Beda...!
You have never been the domestic type...
I'm not sure who I am anymore
and what I want.
The towels needs hemming...!
You won't have any use for those anymore.
You're not staying.
I'm thinking of my family back home.
If they want what's best for you, they'll rejoice.
Mother will feel dishonored...
Everyone will be embarrassed some time.
But it will pass. And Gerhard will mostly
get his ego hurt, he's so self-conceited.
One person will at least be happy.
Adolf?
Mm...
So, it's decided?
I have always been an obedient
child, Arvida. I've had enough.
I wish I was as brave as you.
I'll miss you.
You're different.
My heart aches!
Not here.
Yes.

You are going to the hospital now.
But you will become healthy soon.
And then I'll see you back at my place.
It will end the same way for Agnes as for
her cousin who is in a mental institution.
It's in our genes.
The menstruation arrived late.
It matters, the doctor says.
Schizophrenia, the doctor says.
Agnes becomes more anxious
when she writes.
She will never become a real author.
She isn't strong enough.
Agnes recovers abroad,
I heard.
Isn't it terrible, Adolf,
this thing with Viveka?
She doesn't want to keep the baby,
she believes it will go mad.
Yes, and Aimees smallest
is partly retarded.
Poor Aimee who is in a mental institution.
Yes, her nerves was to weak.
Hysterical females...
Es kostet ja nicht so viel...
No...!
Noo...!

Adolf:

she won't acknowledge us anymore.

The mother:

in the doctor's diagnosis.
He says that her hysteria
and depressions are a crisis of the soul.
It sounds nice,
and intellectual.
Sprengel will lock her up
and force her to write.
This is where you'll be writing your
masterpieces. When your powers allow.
I'll show you what I have in mind.

The mother:

She always get sick when she writes.
And suddenly we're good enough for her,
since it's Us who pay the bill.
Don't get cross with me for my
small, yet necessary, modifications.
In general, I probably get what
you mean, better than anyone else.
And I believe that my small,
insignificant modifications,
becomes a correspondence
between us.
I feel so close to you,
through this.
We work all winter so I
rarely allow you to answer the phone...
...I turn down all visitors that may worry you,
and in spring, we travel to the south.
To avoid your family.
I'll do anything,
to please you,
my little Butterbur, cherie.
I have had my eyes on this big,
magnificent bed while you were sick.
There's place for me too when
you want, and are able to give me the favor.
Otherwise, I can always sleep
on the couch in my office.
You can walk straight from the bed
to your desk.
I'll place it below the window.
Your little hand can caress just
as well as it can handle a pen.
I'll love you as no one has ever done before.
When I kiss and embrace you,
I want to penetrate your soul.
In that way, nothing will get ugly,
nothing disturbed.
Your whole being will confine
in me. You become calm, happy.
All external conditions will
become indifferent in comparison.
Don't you agree, my love?
We have to be... the one
and only for each other.

You gave me a new life, Pa.
Most people would say
I have ruined it.
That your husband is arid and pompous.
You are ahead of you time
It irritates people.
His hidden desires tempts him,
to translate erotic pieces
with atrocious motifs.
The doctors are paying...
I'm not considered quite normal.
No, not with a wife like I...
A "filthy individual"...
I have the biggest
collection of pornography in Sweden.
A a derailed genius
who hates everything and everybody.
Since he lost his ability
to write.
You are wasting your time on me.
Yes. I've transferred
my ambitiousness to my wife...
...as a father transfer his
ambitions to his kids.
You're powerful, a great love.
You are the most beautiful
feature of my nature.
Sprengel is living of her money!
Basking in reflected glory.
It's a shame!
You are talking about an exceptional
individual, Mr. Bonnier.
You call her hysteric since
she won't accept your modifications.
She's the most talented woman in Sweden!
The fact that your prestigious publishing house
can't match her, is outrageous.
She exceeded the good taste,
you say?
One can not write a life portrayal
without bringing along some horrors!
It's always a pleasure
to displease you "elite publishers"...
I've been in contact with publishers who wants

to publish the books that has been silenced.
We'll sue them for breach of contract.
I admire the way she describes
the degeneration of the bourgeois.
How many pages today?
With wide margins?
Agnes lives in her own solar system,
my lord. Birth, death, love, hate.
She's completely indifferent
to all trends.
And if she's forced to take stand
in social issues...
...she will believe what
the majority believes. She's adjustable.
She writes about perverted sexuality...
The carnality of Sweden is a greater
flaw than our craving for liquor...
Eroticism isn't nice,
not even normal, it seems.
This obsession with sexuality...!
I thought you were her friend.
You once said that the sexuality is one
of the most important aspects... in life.
It is the authoress's intent,
that the women of her novels wanders
through a world of misfortune and decay.
It's an image of our modern world,
which she would like to change.
You'd better leave. I usually drink a
glass of sherry with Agnes at this hour.
Right now we are pretending that we are
in Spain, where she longs to be.
A little acting won't hurt,
it makes her calmer.
Goodbye. Thank you for visiting.
It would certainly be delightful
to sleep with you.
But highly inappropriate
in our costuming.
I've seen worse things
in this house.
No talking outside this door.
Then maybe the police will show up.
You probably know yourself, why

Mr. Sprengel can trust me.
Did you light the incense?
Pull down the sunset?
Good!

MUSIC:

Father Pierre...
Why are they afraid
of my writing, Padre?
Unfortunately it's due to our society,
perhaps all societies.
You have dared the truth, Mrs Sprengel.
Call me Agnes.
Mrs. Agnes...
Those who criticize you is too afraid
to tell the truth themselves.
They judge me! But what they don't know
is that I've already judged myself...
They tell me I'm not serious.
But maybe I'm serious, after all.
My stay at the mental institution
has branded me for life.
My contract has been broken!
I don't write pornographic filth!
A lady of your ancestry doesn't
even know the meaning of the word.
You claim that I'm not decent.
Be careful, Padre.
I'm losing grip of life.
She mustn't be disturbed!
She has to sign.
It's that damn will!
The age of the assassins are here!
I'll sue my mother!
For forgery!
This violates both
Sprengel and me!
Calm down! To accuse your own mother
for something like that...
I never want to see her again!
I hate her!
Don't tell Sprengel. He can
never know what they have done to him!
Agnes... Agnes?

Agnes?

Mrs. ran away.

To where?

She said something about

"that damn will"...

Forgive me, I'd like to know what
was in that will, for the sake of my wife.

The case is... If Mrs. Sprengel
would die before Mr. Sprengel,
Without leaving any children behind,
All assets will go to Mrs. Sprengel's
siblings and their children.

If you outlive your wife, you won't
come into possession of the family estate.

Mrs. Sprengel wanted to keep
this from you.

Bring me a glass of wine,
mother.

But don't poison it
with you your vile acid.

For my beloved father
in the sky...

Wants to hear me laugh and cheer!

You old hag!

No, he couldn't stand you,
you twisted his every word.

Hired shrew wrote a will
for the sake of the money!

Like thieves you sent,
when the deed was done,

to the courthouse,

my forged will!

You hag!

Fucking hag!

Well spoken, my friend!

My only friend...

Off you go to the pawnbroker with my
rings so we can drink a toast together!

My dear mother gave me this.

She hates my books!

She says I'm a stigma for
the swedish literary scene!

Although, the press says I'm the
most talented of the new young guard!

She thinks my view of life
is vicious.
But I write for adults.
I seek the truth.
Even if I need to
look for it in hell!
Let us toast to ourselves.
Who is sane? Who is insane?
My husband poured the salt into my
novels and made the irony sharp-edged.
It was he who wrote all the filth!
I guess filth makes books more popular.
Do you really believe... it was me who
thought of those bloody incest scenes?!
My husband distorted it all!
Write down what I have said!
The truth must be revealed in the papers!
My husband wrote 12 pages of perversities
in my latest book! Did you write that down?
Of course, Mrs. Sprengel.
Once I'm dead,
all my novels will be published...!
Everyone hates me
for what I have written.
My writing has become
too much for me to handle.
I started to write
to sort out my life.
Through myself I wanted to get to know
humanity. To be able to depict others.
I only had myself to turn to...
But am I enough?
Wasn't my search sincere?
Wasn't I true to myself?
Isn't my talent enough?
Oh, God, I'm not enough!
Your name is Mats.
Please Mr...
...give me a cigarette, only one!
When my husband arrives,
I'll pay for it.
Honestly.
He hits me
when he's drunk. He says:

"You hurt the one you love. " He'll go
to jail for this, what, if I'll testify?
Bittersweet as love...
And it all disappears in smoke!
Dear, non-existing God,
let me sit here all my life.
I'll never forget that you
gave me a cigarette. Officer.
I would have sold my soul
for a smoke.
I want to leave before my husband arrives.
You can't imagine the turmoil
that will arise. My husband isn't sober.
He will
smash the windows.
He can beat a woman to pieces.
Mrs. wasn't exactly in pieces...
Don't you understand metaphorical language?
I'm in pieces...
...Even if my limbs
are still intact...!
I'm ruined...
I hate him!
I mean, I love him.
But he abuses me, Officer!
I talk a lot of crap. It's
only a temporary delirium.
I have been reading too much. Sometimes
I'm paranoid, sometimes hysterical.
But I'm convinced
I have syphilis.
He's so tremendously
good to me, Officer.
I feel like a rascal when
I think about what I've done!
I've destroyed parts of my life
and other people's lives!
So, I found you...
My heart is pecking so dull, and my
pulse is about to stop from anxiety.
Boo-boo wants to go home
and scratch on papers...
...and scratch on all
the furnitures, and bark.

Boo-boo can't live
without her Master.
Let's go home. Be as kind to me
as I've been cruel to you.
What's on your mind?
Terrible things.
So terrible that you
can't even tell me?
Dear David... If I write
without consideration of my family,
Does that make me a bad person?
No, but truth begets hatred!
Is revenge a bad thing?
No, revenge is human.
It will make me feel guilty.
Revenge is sweet, too.
To hate ones mother,
is that a crime, Pa?
Mother and daughter is a grateful topic.
The mother with the dead eyes...
Gerhard with the cold eyes,
Adolf with the evil eyes...
My father with the fair, tender eyes...
Poor nobility. Indigent, paltry,
greedy, yet posh!
I want to portray a family that
sits at the bottom of a burrow.
Their only view is a sultry sky.
Where did the time go, Pa? I'm still
in my nursery.
I'll never get out. Well.
Perhaps if I write it all down.
When I was personal,
they said I was sick.
Now when my writing is facile
they call it "delicate watercolors"!
My family will be pleased.
My mother sent me these flowers...!
But you're not happy, even though
my novels are a success.
An artist is not an artist
unless he gives everything he's got.
You will become one of the great, but you
must venture. You still have a far way to go!

Do I have the strength, Pa?
Opposition makes one strong.
Adolf was prudish. He couldn't
sleep if his toothbrush wasn't dry.
A limited world.
False, trivial people.
Adolf loved to dress up
as a girl.
My father weighed the sugar,
mixed the butter with flour...
...baked bread over the fire
in the tile stoves...
Drunken butlers in castles
and manors... Homosexuality...
...love between a brother and a sister...
...insanity in the family...
...anxiety...
This will be your biography.
My aunt was a kleptomaniac.
My mother hysterical!
The story of my life
on a few pieces of paper.
How cruel! How silly!
Take them away.
Take them away. Take them away!
What is it that you're trying to take away?
The others, my family. They torment me.
Can't you see that my eyes
are my mother's eyes? They haunt me.
Enter the land of the irresponsible,
my love, even if it's guarded by ghosts.
Forget all consideration. The only
thing that matters, is yourself.
Thanks, Pa.
There, there, it's time for your morphine.
God, I'm at Langbro now.
Or is it Konradsberg?
You shouldn't have to end up in an institution.
We'll get you a private nurse.
Am I manic or depressive?
Sane or insane? Tell me!
You are sane. It's they who are crazy.
Tell my mother, tell the world!
That's what I'm doing,

Boo-boo.

I flew myself tired, Pa. I wanted to
blast the blue wall of the horizon.

But I never made it,
not even to the wall.

I'm flying, Pa! I'm flying!

So, the Countess refuse
to pay directly to us?

Where are your "motherly" feelings? I
need to keep this from Agnes.

She's going through a severe crisis. It's
expensive, medications, doctors.

Self-absorbed hag!

Cunt!

Does nurse Klara love herself?

I don't contemplate about those things.

The sane! A thousand fen fire's are dancing
over the earth, and you can't see them.

Us, who are insane, knows
there are no limits.

We dare to acknowledge this tremendous
thought. That's why we lose our minds.

Mrs. needs her rest.

The sane, refuse to understand.

Do you ever think about death,
nurse Klara?

Mrs. Sprengel shouldn't speak
about such silly things.

Where did the dead go, nurse Klara?

They were our friends. They spoke.

We could feel them breathing.

We put our poor friends,
in a grave and forget about them.

We walk all over,
our dead friends.

Meanwhile, the earth is
spinning, round, round round.

With the burden of the living and the dead.

Don't you ever think about these thing?

You're too much in your head, Mrs. Sprengel.

Are you afraid of death, nurse Klara?

I'm terrified.

I don't want to die.

My choice is between,

sickness and health.
I choose to get better.
I should have used my desire to be
sick, for the opposite.
"Dear Tor Bonnier. "
"I believe 'Poor Nobility' would
be a fitting title for my new novel. "
I need to write about my family.
Otherwise, I'll never escape them.
"I assure you that the book will be
idyllic, lovable and platonic. "
As if I had written it myself...
"I have mourned over my books
you didn't want to publish".
"So much that I became ill. Therefore
I'd be grateful if you sent me an advance. "
Since you already approved
the first chapter. "
We're going to Italy.
To live in Sweden is like drinking
milk, healthy, yet lethal.
We're traveling to Rome, Florence, Venice,
where you can write and get inspiration.
The crow travels abroad, and
returns just as black as before.
One of these days you'll be
the whitest of all birds.
They don't understand
you at home, but soon...
I'll have to die first, Pa.
Send me money for 16 sheets,
61 lines per page.
Calculated according to my new tariff
that my husband negotiated for me.
Mother says she doesn't want to see
you or your horrid husband anymore.
Dr. Iller believes he should
be institutionalized.
Sprengel is making you ill, by the
things he's forcing you to write.
For heaven's sake, Agnes! Our entire family
history is being revealed in your books.
You merge multiple persons into one,
but we're being recognized. You ridicule us.

Now everyone believes we're
degenerated, anemic, senile...
We require that you'll
stop writing about us!
You expose us in front
of the entire nation.
Don't you ever think about us,
who wants to live a decent life?
Think of our defenseless
children. Can you?
Now when your audience is so grande,
you make a lot of money.
It's time to pay your debts,
especially to Gerhard.
He gave you money for the wedding
with your horrid husband!
This home is Agnes private
area. Get out of here!
Petty bourgeois!
You'll make Agnes ill again!
Don't touch me.
The beauty sat in the forest with her hands
covering her eyes, she didn't want to see!
Take me to the mental institution, Pa,
to the section of the violent and psychotic.
Let there be trouble!
I can't take it anymore!
There! There!
Pa, has arranged money and tickets.
We're going to the valley
of olive groves and palm trees.
The palm trees... In the language of flowers
"palm tree" means laurel wreath.
Pa, will restore his
little Butterbur, cherie,
We're going to prevail in any case, Pa.
We'll win, Pa.
Yes.
My family will never find me here, right?
They'll never find me.
It would be like looking for a
black cow in a burnt forest.
It would be wonderful
to be rooted in hot soil...

...to be watered by rain...
...and to spread your shimmering leaves
towards a burning and tender sun...
...to die with the autumn winds,
and to rise again by spring.
Why did God create man,
with such anxious hearts?
He should only have created grass, trees
and plants. What a lovely world it would be!
Calm... It's only ruminations,
which rise with the fatigue
after having completed a work.
It was about time you got married,
Adolf. I'm so happy for you!
Adolf will give me grandchildren.
Do you hear me, Agnes?
Our family will live on through him.
What a lovely couple!
What a wonderful wedding!
What delightful champagne!
The bridesmaid's dresses are lovely!
You look pale, Agnes.
Agnes, hurry up!
You'll never escape us, Agnes.
We share the same blood.
The same blood...
...the same blood!
English translation: peyotequeen